

Australasia —Revisited

OR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

(N. B.—The advantage of this serial story is that each chapter can be read as a whole by new as well as old readers, without referring to what has gone before.—Ed.)

CHAPTER VIII. LOVE-MAKING.

There is an originality about Salvation Army officers' love-making. They fail to love very much after the fashion which has obtained from time immemorial; but they marry for war.

Jacob met Rachel at the well. George Arthur Pollard met Miss Pearcey in a Salvation meeting. That was all the difference—more difference of conviction, place. Jacob and George Pollard had their eyes, heart, and soul, influenced in one way by both love, and loved at first sight. They were both largely ignorant of their future; Jacob as to his mission in the world, and Pollard as to how his was to work out. Jacob did not despise Rachel because she carried a pitcher and was employed at the menial task of water-carrying, neither did Pollard Miss Pearcey because she wore round her hat a fine and expensive feather and a superabundance of lace and frilling.

There was characten in both women, and from the start of his career George Pollard had the gift of discernment, and though he was not blind to the things which we are noting, he knew—not exactly at the moment of his first acquaintance—yet he knew where they would end. They would end at the Cross.

Their First Meeting.

Their early, or first love, was all beautiful. Mr. Branwell Booth, in one of his books remarks: "The beautiful example of supreme affection, united with true consecration to the Kingdom of Christ, which is presented to the people by many of our married officers, is doing something amidst influences that are not such as render the result less likely to be a happy and holy matrimony. It is a combination which has been as rare as it is beautiful—a union of spiritual and secular virtues, a fervent piety and deep love for the Church of God with as deep human sympathy and human weakness, with high-spirited enthusiasm for souls with great tenderness and patience, and the love of little children." An example of this union is found in the lives and labors of the two officers now before us.

Let us see how these lives, running in different channels, draw near to each other till they gradually, reluctantly, and Divinely, meet in one. Miss Pearcey had written back to the Peckham Christian Mission, attached on this occasion by the announcement that a black man was to preach. A coincidence is suggested here. It was a black man who came as a deliverer to Capt. Pollard on his first Sunday at Dniedin; it was a black man who drew Miss Pearcey to the Peckham Mission on the night she surrendered her will, her heart, her life to God.

She sat four or five seats from the platform in the little hall. The usual features of the meeting were all conspicuous—no ruff-and-congaing, a most lucid and lucid, without everything, a strange but sweet atmosphere, and a deep sense of reality and earnestness. Miss Pearcey was no longer unmoved; she was concerned. The knowledge of sin had been awakened within her; she felt her need of a Saviour. She had no connected or distinct recollection of what was said. She was burdened with one thought, one desire—*"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"*

The fiery appeals from the platform for conversion, matched as they were by every sign of a consciousness of a happy assurance of the reality of salvation, made Miss Pearcey forget everything, even the young man whose responsibility, combined with zeal, had made such an impression on her before. The need of salvation consumed her.

The prayer meeting began. A rather hot-headed, excited, and extravagant man was exhorting sinners to "come out

now. Heaven and hell are at war, and God must and shall have the victory!" He divested himself of his coat, rolled up his sleeves, jumped off the platform, climbed over the seats till he came to the spot where Miss Pearcey sat.

"You need salvation, sister!" he cried, and chorused with "Glory, glory, glory," as the leading line, was snug lustily.

"You ought to come to us," he again cried, and Miss Pearcey rose. A clasp of spiritual thunder was the sequel.

Regardless of everything about her, Miss Pearcey walked forward to the penitent form and fell at the Saviour's feet.

The Hand of Fellowship.

She soon realized a deep, deep as surance of the pardoning love of God, and as she stood up, in a rapture of a love that beheld only God in the world—"the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely"—she was oblivious of the fact that it was George Arthur Pollard (her future husband) who had given her name and address, and wanted her to "be sure and come to the converts' meeting on Tuesday night. We have good times, praise the Lord!" We shall be delighted to see you, and I now give you the right hand of fellowship. God bless you!"

There was no love-making, of course; and yet, if marriages are made in heaven, had not the Great Pilot of human life a hand in that meeting?

Miss Pearcey went home rejoicing, and counted the hours and minutes till Tuesday night. The world was quite new to her, and even London—somehow—had seemed to wear a happy smile when she rose next morning from her knees in prayer and looked out upon the more-hearted, dancing children in the street. Ah! salvation means the second birth, which gives us new eyes and ears, new hearts and new hopes.

Towards the close of the Tuesday night's meeting—a small, but precious one to Miss Pearcey—the young zealot of the company said: "We must not separate without a word from our last Sunday night's convert. Won't you have a word, sister?"

How could she resist the appeal? Her heart was overflowing with joy; but let no one be led into thinking that this joy had anything whatever to do with the young man who had thus addressed her. Such a thought was furthest from her mind. The joy was Heaven-born, and, although she betrayed a timidity and modesty which added to the charm of her simplicity (and possibly in the eyes of Pollard, her natural beauty), she gladly testified that she was on the "Rock, Christ Jesus. My confidence is in God, that He will keep me faithful to the end!" Simple, but fervent.

Of course, George Pollard saw Miss Pearcey frequently after this, and when he entered the old newspaper shop in High Street, Peckham, we already know that he turned instinctively to this young lady and asked her to act in the capacity of treasurer of the concern.

This was, perhaps, the first step—taken with a mutual unconsciousness as to where and what it would lead them—but a step that neither will ever live to regret.

Miss Pearcey's Trophy.

But Miss Pearcey had other endowments besides that of upholding the little Mission financially. She had the courage to face a mob and conquer them. There is a story told of those days. We need not go into the details of it here. Suffice it that a pack of young Peckham rowdies sat upon Pollard one night and thrashed him so that he fell back against the wall, almost in a faint. On seeing the effect of their brutality they made off.

Miss Pearcey ran after them, and, being fleet of foot, overtook the ringleader, collared him, and asked him what he thought of himself. "What harm has your man done?" she repeated more than once, coming down upon the fellow's head with as much muscular Christianity as she was capable of utilizing!

ough as he was, the Peckham rowdy had not the courage to strike back; and seeing her ebunee, she made the most of it.

"Iope the coove ain't 'urt, miss," he said; "I only meant to 'ave a lark wiv 'im."

"Your lark, then, has knocked him senseless; and I shan't sent a policeman."

"Don't do that, miss."

"Well, then, will you do what I ask you?"

"Anythink you likes; I'm sorry, miss; you my 'owr I is—seen' that you're an interested party."

"Come and help him on to the car, then, and beg his pardon."

"Done!" and Miss Pearcey dragged her trophy along the street, and he was

as good as his word. He apologized with excellent grace, and lifted Pollard on to the car, and vowed he wouldn't touch "a Salvation bloke agin."

We are, by this incident, quite prepared for another. The Army, about this time, had opened a branch Chelsea way, and this corps announced a tea-tight. Peckham went over to the feast, and the united affair went off like a marriage-bell.

"Good-Night, George!"

On the way back, the Peckham company separated in twos, and, whether by an affinity of disposition or pure accident, we will not say which, it is certain that George Arthur Pollard and Miss Pearcey found themselves engaged in an entertaining conversation about what had taken place at the meeting that night, and also the object of the celebration of the General's Silver Wedding at Whitechapel, and that they had quite out-distanced the other members of the party.

The tea-party only lent zest and freedom to their talk; however, Pollard is never at a loss to fill the fleeting moments of time with useful and chirpy conversation, and we may be certain that, with the visions which he had had about quitting South London and offering himself as an officer of the Salvation Army, to go anywhere for the Lord, he had no dearth of matter on this particular occasion. If we mistake not, a shadow of disappointment crossed his youthful countenance when at length he perceived that their destination was the "Cry."

"The day flown on wings to night," said Pollard, and then there was a pause, and he addressed Miss Pearcey no longer by that ceremonious title. He called her by her Christian name! And from that hour their love-making was an unwritten but perfectly understood and sacred matter.

"Good-night, George," she said, in accepting his hand at parting; "take care of yourself, and God bless you!"

(To be continued.)

The First War Cry Round IN SKAGUAY'S SALOONS.

A Graphic Description by Ensign Biss.

At last our long-looked-for War Crys arrived, and with them the privilege of selling them for the first time in Alaska. The same evening (or the next) after they arrived, our meeting closed a little early, so, being seized with a desire to sell a few, amongst the saloons and gambling houses which are scattered all about, I started out. I entered the first saloon and offered my papers for sale to some men drinking at the bar, and as I did so I must confess the old freedom and love for Cry selling came back upon me, for I think it is a year and a half since I did any. The men at the bar did not buy any, so the next man I struck was the proprietor, who asked me how many I had. I counted and found I had eighteen. "Well, what will you take for the lot?" he asked. "I get 5 cents each," I replied. "All right, give me 10 cents, handing me a silver dollar, so I could give him 20 cents." The eighteen Crys I these he sent around to one of his friends, and as Adj't. McGill was around visiting he came across an ex-saloon keeper, who got so interested in one of the purchased Crys that he sat up till 2 a.m. reading it, as there was an article there with photos of his old home in Ontario. May it be the means of salvation to his soul.

I came back and got some more Crys and visited other saloons, ending up in the Free Theatre, where another man bought a quarter's worth to be distributed amongst the poor and ignorant who save in this den of iniquity. I saluted men and women, some of them, their faces covered with paint, which did not hide the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. Oh, my God save them!

I reached home having sold about 37 papers. Most all are surprised at the splendid get-up of our paper, and had been longing to see them, having been customers back east.

There are great opportunities connected with Cry selling for speaking to souls and with baptized heart, homeless opportunities present themselves. One man, apparently an educated Englishman, when I asked him to buy a Cry said he could not read, but the moment he said it something impressed me that it was not the truth, but taking it in the spirit of the Master and passing on, the man followed me, quite troubled, and there told me that his father (if I mistake not) was one of the English clergy men who helped with the late revision of the Bible, but he was wayward. He shook hands warmly, poor fellow! A French Count, in passing through, and with whom we got acquainted on the boat in coming out, bought a Cry, met me in the room, saying, "Hello, Capt. Biss, you are still at your business?" He bought a Cry, giving a half a dollar. Adj't. McGill also took his beat with Crys and reported success to the number of 50. Yours for the Cry, F. R. Biss.

His Last Drink.

Some time ago, while our visiting, on turning a corner amid the great crowd who are always to be found on the streets of Dawson, a man, well known to me, said, "It's a terrible sight I've just witnessed, Captain." I learned from him that a man had dropped dead at the G— saloon. I quickly made my way to the place where they had carried the man—it was a gambling hall. They had covered him with a tent, and one of the police was in charge. It seemed to me that the devil used the occasion as an advertisement, for three steps down from where the dead man lay I stood and watched them drag out the whiskey, etc., to the poor, delirious, half-crazed man after another, and quite unconcerned threw their quarters down on the counter, took a glass and helped themselves at the barrel.

My attention was once more turned to the dead on arrival of the coroner and doctor, who gave orders for the body to be turned over to the Government Undertaker. "Dead in sin" was my first thought. Scotty, as he was generally known, had been well known to me and had become quite intimate on account of us both having been in the navy for many years. Many a talk we had together on things of the world, etc., etc., and while he was not willing to do what was right, yet he often admitted that I was right, and made all kinds of promises. Scotty had been a drunkard for many years, and it was on one of these drunken sprees, while in the act of leaving the G—, he was seen to stagger, take one uncertain step, and fall, to be carried into the place where I found him. He had gambled his money and life away, in the place where he got his last drink.

Scotty is gone now, the bustle of the city goes on just the same. One is hardly ever missed. He is only one of a great multitude of men and women who, while setting sin is the cursed sum. When will men wake up to their lost condition, and see that unless the Blood is applied to their hearts they shall be driven from God's presence for ever.

Capt. Johnny LeCoq.

PITHY PREACHMENTS.

Forgiveness is love towards the unlovely.

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A thought that is not the soul of an action is valueless.

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In the end, those who trust most will find they are nearest truth.

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Any faith in Him, however small, is better than any belief about Him, however great.

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When a man knows his work and will not do it, pity him more than one who is not to hang to-morrow.

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There is a mystery about the very nature of evil, which only He, Who made me capable of evil that we may become good, can apprehend.

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Salvation lies in being one with Christ, even as the branch is one with the vine; my salvation short of knowing God, is no salvation at all.

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A great man is one who will try to do right against the devil himself; one who will not do wrong to please anybody, or to save his life.

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Brief Life

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Our Eastern Commanders.

Brief Life Sketches of Major and Mrs. Pickering, Provincial Officers for the Eastern Province.

By MAJOR PICKERING.



A P T A I N George and Happy Salley are commonly known as "Ling & Lure" and are published in bold type, on flaming yellow paper, marked the turning point in the Major's life. It is an announcement preceded the advent of the S. A. into York-shire's seaport, Hull. With thousands of others, I visited the Army out of curiosity. At first the novelty of the new thing appeared a huge joke, and for some time I attended Army meetings, without any impression being made.

Through reading of books and contact with atheists, I gradually threw religion overboard; my scepticism was intensified by the glaring inconsistency of my employers in their business dealings, all the time being prominent church members.

Living in the Army's advent, coupled with a godly mother's prayers, was speedily to make a change. My conversion was a striking one. I had gone to Holland for my summer holidays, and sitting gambling in a cafe, in Rotterdam, one Friday night, about 10:30, suddenly heard a voice I had often heard before praying—"O God, save my boy!" I was struck, swinging round in my chair, I was the only Englishman in a Dutch water. I tried to drown the voice by plunging more madly into the game, but could not, and finally rushed from the building to the amazement of my friends.

A week later found me back in England, and the following Sunday night I knelt at the pentent form.

I became a soldier, for fear as circumstances would allow; my duties

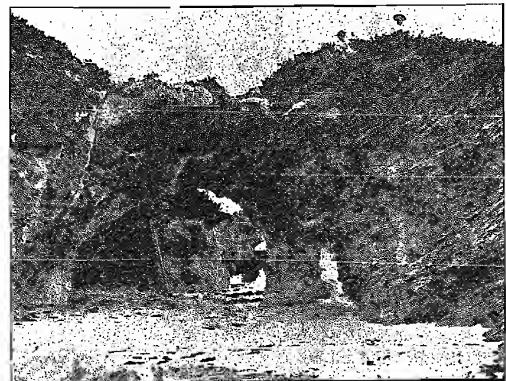
"Be Prepared for Difficulty, Darkness and Seeming Defeat."

"We Pass Through These to Victory."



MAJOR AND MRS. PICKERING, Eastern Province.

This has proved a stimulus to me through many a dark hour. Feeling the need of a thorough knowledge of Field work, I asked for a Field appointment, and after some time was



NATURAL ARCH, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.

appointed to open a new corps, Holbrook. Swaffham followed, being another new opening; then Glasgow, where a huge theatre was taken for a barracks. Dundee III., still another

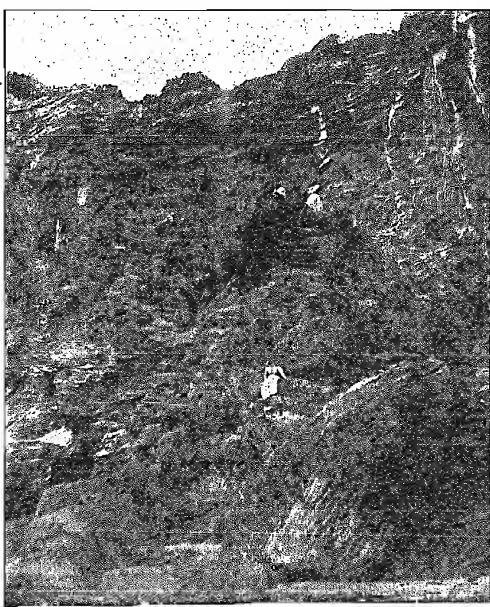


new opening, came next. Over 200 souls were saved there, and 150 marched in our ranks when we left for Kirkcaldy II., a fourth opening.

Blots and Brouches.

were the order of things here, and through a blot a three months' illness followed.

Kendal was memorable by my marriage. From here we went to Buxton, and spent six months in triumph. After Swindon I., where we were getting a new opening for the citadel, we went to Sunderland I., with its 500 soldiers and huge audience. During our stay here hundreds were saved, and we opened the magnificent citadel, seating over 2,000 people. Nottingham I., our next appointment, was stiffer in many ways, although as many soldiers, but difficulties were made to overcome, and we had to "Dreadnaught" London (the Temple) came next. Through a clerical error we got there, instead of Northampton I., but it was all right. The Temple saw crowds of souls saved and the financial problem solved. At Doncaster Cres we had a great physical struggle, which ended up in a break-down of myself and wife. After a three months' furlough, we received orders for Leiston, and were appointed to Holborn I. Garrison Corps, under our beloved Field Commissioner, who like happy months were spent, 400 souls were saved, and 100 new soldiers enrolled; of those who came to the pentent form here, there are Staff Officers and several Field Officers today. Regent Hall was our next appointment. My pen fails to describe this citadel. Its huge hall gorged with people. Its immense hall for out-and-out Salvationism, and indeed, little I have never met their equal—the local officers, too, were models of loyalty. We saw 650 souls saved and over 300 enrolled. From here we went to the Army's "Cathedral Corps"—Clapton Congress Hall—and there spent seven bright, happy and successful months, saw the audience rise over 1,000 per week, nearly 3,000 souls were saved, and a large number added to the roll.



HIGH CLIFF, TUCKER'S TOWN, BERMUDA.

We left this corps with \$100 in hand. This closed my Field career.

I next was appointed to the East London and Essex Division as I had not yet received the Holborn seal to our efforts. Five corps and societies were opened. From there we took command of the North London Division. This Division was the largest for soldiership in the country. Then came the dividing up of London; the North Division was cut up into three parts, and we were then transferred to take command of the West. There again God set His seal upon our efforts. During our eight months' service seven new corps and societies were opened, 1,200 soldiers enrolled, and our open-air attendances went up to 1,000 per week.

Here we are in Canada, and while we find a change in many respects, yet we are in for claiming big things for God and the Army. We are more in love with the Flag and the Army's leaders than ever.

THE MAJOR'S BETTER HALF.

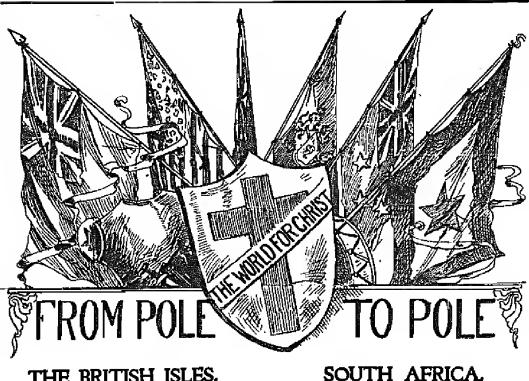
Mrs. Pickering was saved at 17 at the Army's pentent form, Oldham, Manchester. She was always looked upon as a good, moral girl, but found out with it all she needed salvation. She worked hard as a soldier, was an ardent War Cry boomer, and scarcely ever missed the open-air. She entered the Training Home in September, 1882, and has many vivid recollections of her early struggles of those days. After some at the famous Greek Theatre, where mighty ruination told upon her strength, she specialized with Miss Emma Booth (now Mrs. Booth-Tucker) for some time. Then a serious breakdown in health compelled a lengthened furlough. She was married to the Major in 1884, and for 11 years has been an invaluable help in the war.

WHAT TO TALK.

Talk happiness; the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wobly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous
Of strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith; the world is better off
Without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid
doubt,
If you have faith in God, or man, or
yourself,
Say so; if not, push back upon the
shoulder all your thoughts till faith
shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips
are dumb.

To pray without ceasing is not a mode of speech; it is an attitude of spirit. . . . "I do always those things which please Him"—that is praying without ceasing.—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A.



THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General spent another Sunday among the villages, this time at Didsbury. There were 75 at the Cross. The Norwich 1 band assisted. Though there is only a population of 4,000, no less than thirty-six saloons are to be found in the place.

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The Chief's Inst. Council with 100 Officers was at Leeds, when 400 were born last Saturday, bright in their full uniform, and ready, energetic, receptive of spirit. This day was one of the best the Chief had yet had of this character. He was much impressed by the appearance and spirit manifested, and he was accorded a reception in every way worthy of their native enthusiasm.

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Mrs. Brinwell Booth went down to the Farm Colony with 300 Light Brigade Agents and Boxholders and spent a happy day.

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The latest English Cry says: "Something new under the sun, and this down Bradford way—the Elevator Wood Supply with electric power for wood-sawing." (It will interest our readers to know that the Torcato Wood-yard had electric power for cutting wood about five years ago.)

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The latest English War Cry has the following item: "Bulle Gordon and his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Murray had a chat with the Chief this week, after which Colonel Barker escorted them through the Prison Gate Hume and round the shelter. Mrs. Murray, writing thanks on behalf of herself and her father, says, 'The Shelters are so clean, and everything so attractively.' (It will interest our readers to know that Bulle Gordon is the father of Mrs. Colonel Jevons, the wife of our much-loved Chief Secretary.)

UNITED STATES.

Sixty souls came to the penitent form during the Commander's meetings at Old Orchard.

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The City Band played at the Chief Secretary's meeting in Kansas City.

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The Life of Brigadier Reid is reviewed in the latest American Cry.

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The Commander has issued a Guide-Book to his officers in connection with the coming II. F.

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Many leading American papers have expressed their contempt for the iniquitous persecution of our comrades by the police of Philadelphia.

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The salvage warehouse in Chicago is turning out just three times the amount of paper, rugs, etc., that it did last year at this time. If sufficient time could be secured, even greater results could be obtained. While in the East, Lt.-Colonel French will confer with the Commander regarding building an addition to the present warehouse.

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San Francisco has just issued a special "Admission War Cry" in five colors. The edition is exceptionally well illustrated and the articles of first-class order.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdell spent a week-end at Robertson and Montagu, conducting farewell meetings. There were some excellent results.

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In the Zulu Column of the African Cry we find words like impudent, knavish, impudent, impudent, etc., while in the Dutch Column are found handstapelheden, dronkandsgezinnen, and gescheleidissen!—South Africa must be a desirable place to live in!

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A great deal of poverty and distress exists at present in Johannesburg. The Salvation Army is doing its level best to cope with it.

JAMAICA.

At the demonstration at Bluefields, Jamaica, West Indies, conducted by Commissioner Ridsdell, which lasted three days, 75 souls professed conversion, many of them being remarkable trophies of Divine grace. The new barracks was crowded out, notwithstanding heavy down-pours of rain. There was Ebloey in song and prayer, as signs followed. Brigadier Rolfe interviewed a dozen candidates for the Work during the three days. There is a great forward movement, the enemy's think having been successfully turned.

BRITISH GUIANA.

At the Codie Shanty, British Guiana, things are looking bright. Capt. Jackson has succeeded so well in mastering Hindustani that he is able to lead a meeting in the native tongue. A number of codies have got saved and are being formed into a Blood-and-Fire corps. A day-school has been opened for children and a night-school for converts.

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At Barbados, Staff-Capt. Wigdery has opened a combination Food and Shelter Depot and Naval and Military Home, which bids fair to be a great success. Eighteen sailors slept there recently.

INDIA and CEYLON.

Our old friend, Commissioner Illegius, is keeping well. His last letter states that he was going to Madras to conduct officers' convalescence and from there to Poona to conduct the wedding ceremony of Major Baldwin (Hunter) and Adjutant Rama Bai (Tullock).

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A Buddhist priest of 12 years' standing has just been converted in Ceylon, and having sold over his robes to Headquarters, he is now a Salvationist.

DENMARK.

Major Howard was married to Staff-Capt. Lonsdale on the 17th of August, and within forty-eight hours of that event, they were married in the vicarage. The honeymoon would be in Denmark. As this is an age of record-breaking we have searched, but in vain, for precedents in the line of what we may be pardoned for describing as a honeymoon appointment. Major Howard will net as Chief Secretary in Denmark.

SWEDEN.

Our Swedish forces have had a special demonstration at Upsala. Three Salvationists-in-arms arrived from Stockholm, two from Söderköping and Hilleröd, while two more could easily have been ill.

An enthusiastic crowd received them; police gave permission to march through the town to our barracks. Meetings were held in our own building and in the Methodist Church. Thirty's records are 12 souls for salvation and 7 for holiness, and a minister of 10,000 waving the departing steamers salien from both sides of the river.

ITALY.

The Italian officers who have returned from the S.A. Exhibition in London are filled with a new enthusiasm to pursue the war still more aggressively in their country.

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On the 15th of August all the corps united in the North of Italy for their annual demonstration. This special "review" was a success, and demonstrated plainly the fact that the war in the country is going forward.

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The Italian "Grido di Guerra" is a paper quite up to date and contributes largely to the evangelization of the people.

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Although the work is very difficult and trying in that land of superstition, the officers meet everywhere with great encouragements. Every day they gain new victories.

Indian News.

The Shanri riots in South India are now reported to be at an end. The Maravars, a caste of Hindus who were previously notorious hereditary thieves, rose up against the Shanris, toddy-drawing and agricultural caste, and went about the country in large bands setting fire to Shanri villages, killing the men, cutting off their hands, and cutting off a reign of terror generally. They attacked none but Shanris. There are a number of what are called "Shanri" Christians, but they were not attacked. Very large numbers of the Shanris embraced Mohammedanism, the Mohammedans having assured them of protection against the Maravars, if they would embrace their faith.

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The quarrel arose apparently from the attempt of some Shanris to worship in certain temples and claim certain caste position, to which the Maravars thought they were not entitled.

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The Police and Magistrates of several places are reported to have acted disgracefully, neglecting either to attempt to deal with rioters themselves or to allow information to reach high Government authority.

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Our comrade in Nagorei reports that for several days an attack was expected there, as Maravars, according to their custom, had sent formal written notice.

The monsoon on the western side of India is very light indeed. Staff-Capt. Diller Singh, on our Gajraji Farm Colony, is an unusual man these days. The rainfall so far is very scanty, and unless there is a change the crops for the coming season are in jeopardy.

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The plague is increasing by leaps and bounds in Poona, though still strong in Bombay, and very low in other parts of India. In Poona the death rate runs from 40 to 60 per day, and the exodus from the city is again starting.

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The number of Protestant missionaries of all denominations, in India, is stated by Dr. Husband, of Ajmer, to be 2,797 in 1890, as against 2,098 in 1898, an increase of 239. A leading Indian newspaper advances a peculiar theory, viz., that the Indian missions indicate that Indian Missions are a failure, and that our reinforcements are essential to the better party in battle, or to the parts that are just on the point of giving way,—on this principle fresh missionaries have been called from Europe and America.

GLOBELETS.

We announce with regret that Major and Mrs. Mansden have lost their darling baby-boy, aged seventeen months.

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We regret to learn that Brigadier and Mrs. Mansden have lost their precious baby, after three weeks' suffering.

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About Hong Kong, where the plague is been rising, Staff-Capt. Symons writes in a more cheerful strain. The dreadful scourge is diminishing somewhat.

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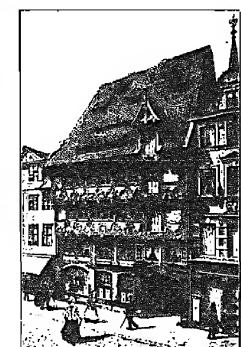
The Naval and Military Home in Japan has recently opened new premises. The present arrangements are giving every satisfaction.

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Ensign and Mrs. Bernand, with their two boys, have arrived in England on furlough, from South America, after an absence of nine years.

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Brigadier Reid's first tour in the Rhinefield Division was a great success. First Sunday, Cologne, twelve souls—11 cl. classes.



A Relic of Former Centuries in the City of Brunswick, Germany.

The Most Famous Army Shelter.

ONLY 550 MEN ALLOWED INSIDE

The Blackfriars Shelter, London, is allowed to accommodate only 550 men nightly. The men may come in when they like after opening time—8 p.m.—but the place is generally filled by 10 p.m. in summer and 8 p.m. in winter. The prices for admission are as follows:

Wooden shake-down, with six ounces

of bread 1d.
Bunk, sea-weed mattress, coverlet,

hot and cold water ad lib., clean

towels, etc. 2d.

Private room, round the bed, with

spring mattress and sanitary sea-

weed mattress, sheet and cover-

let, and lavatory accommodation. 3d.

Hot and cold bath, towels, soap, etc. 1d.

Use of crematorium for disinfecting

clothes 1d.

The splendidly-arranged and well-manned tool-bar supplies cost at the following rates:

Triumph tea, per pint 1d.

Ice soup, per basin 1d.

"Door-steps" of bread and butter,

jam, or marmalade (13 inches

thick) 1d.

Rice, per plate 1d.

Irish stew, "Mac's celebrated," per

basin 1d.

Meat-and-potato pie 1d.

Three-ounce plate of flank beef 1d.

Fruit pie 1d.

For three halfpence, a hungry man can have his appetite taken away.

The men prefer hot, simple food.

They like to live and eat by sight, not by faith.

Their hard circumstances have made them into materialists. They take

good care to go where they can get the best value for their few halfpence, hence their liking for the Army Shelters.



L-ANCIENT GE

ALKIBIADES

After the death of Pericles great ability, Alkibiades front. He had been of a bold and impudent nature, but was made an orphan early in life. He was brought up by Pericles, who educated him at pains to show off his beauty, but although he laughed at that for re- nevertheless, a great favorite. He was of great value as shown by an incident. He was at play on the street wagon coming when he was hit by a stone. He was hit himself down before the wagon. He was an great sage Socrates, who have loved him exceedingly, carrying him out of battle ed. As Socrates was very Athenians were much moved and the beautiful Alkibiades. The latter won many prizes in games, and created by his eccentricities, injured him, although he offended many persons by rudeness.



There had been in early fighting against the Greeks of Sicy, who were most Spartans. Alkibiades was leading an expedition that gained much against this, and then chose him as joint Alkibiades.

Our laurels war call out from trumpet and song, set out from the Piraeus. At Corcyra another fleet, which 5,000 heavily-armed men, the Illyrian, the Sicilian cities were also then expected. Nikias demonstration to show Athens and the return General sent to attend over, while Alkibiades the lesser towns, to invite the native men was accepted. Alkibiades at talking over still his grace and brilliancy in the midst of carrying blades were received from his friends.

Fads, Freaks, and Hobby-Riders.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

An Ancient Family.

Its difficult to trace their origin, as they date back a long way, but they began to assume prominence and become aggressive about two thousand years ago. Though their names are different, they belong to the same family, and each possess distinctive features. As a result of their peculiar habits and surroundings they have developed the faculty of destructiveness to an abnormal degree. This accounts for their destroying and pulling down, rather than upbuilding, those things they profess to live and labor for. They are renowned for their ability to cause confusion, create strife, sow discord, promote dissension, breed dissatisfaction, develop suspicion, undermine loyalty, and induce hatred of discipline.

Other Characteristics.

It is difficult to decide whether their active qualities, as above, or their passive, are the most dangerous. Certainly the latter make them more uncharitable and vindictive. Their subtle effect on imagination and wisdom has been especially observed and given to them, as a kind of absolute right from heaven. Bigotry, self-will, and narrow-mindedness, all serve to act as fuel to the fire that manifests itself in a bitter opposition to those who do not accept their ideas.

In former years they tried to enforce recognition of their tenets by inflicting cruelties of the worst kind. From stake and rack, from arena and dungeon, from prison cell and scalding room, the victims of their victims were compelled to burn. With the advance of civilization, however, their measures have of compulsion, altered; and from the cruel methods mentioned they have adopted the more insidious, and perhaps more successful policy of subtle intrigue—undermining of existing principles—and sowing of disturbing ideas.

Effects of Infection.

Anyone attacked by this contagion seldom recovers entirely. It is like a case of malaria, and is scarcely curable if it has become chronic. Blood-and-Fire Salvationists and whole-hearted Christians of any denomination can be especially liable to it, and occasionally some of these fall victims to it. One of those who propagate this dangerous epidemic, it is the more dangerous because of having, perhaps, even more than a semblance of truth. It gives a death-blow to enthusiasm, it numbs the spiritual sensibilities, and in a remarkably short time will transform a devoting Salvationist into a kind of a decorated broom-stick, and make one who has been useful in the service of God and humanity into little more than a bundle of empty profession. In short, its usual effect is to supplant a religion of "do" into one of "jaw"—it is religion at all.

Ships v. Self.

All the claims of this class are that they are positive that their convictions are of Divine origin, and, therefore, demand that everyone should think as they do. Alas! their very intolerance is a phase of selfishness, and that of the coarsest kind. When you come to analyze their motives how much you discover of personal interest! What personal gratification is evidenced in seeing someone unsettled by their propositions! Whether that individual becomes a more earnest Christian, and more energetic in seeking the salvation of others is of no account, matter.

"Divine command" is one of their pet phrases, but how often their actions indicate that much of their professed service is actuated by the desire of having their own way, and their pet ideas accepted. They delight to play upon words, and air stock phrases. They are very careful about dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" of their favorite notions.

Much of the mischief done—even

where the motives may be good—is due to the failure to view things in the relative importance and position which results in straining at a minor feature, while a greater is practically ignored. Sons rushing to hell while

they haggle and spout on doctrinal hair-splitting is a small matter compared to proselytizing (which means unsettling) an already earnest follower of **Ilm**. Who had no creed, but taught the intensely practical plan and purpose of saving men from sin and its awful penalty.

Ancient and Modern Examples.

A number of other features, all "Divine" (9), are included in the mystic stock-in-trade of these exploiters. What great religious reformers have been, but who has caused greater evil or less by the devil as an "angel of light" through these nomadic speculators, than when he has presented himself in his true guise of black face and long tail? Poor Paul!—I use the adjective reverently—what heaps of sorrow you endured through the mischievous efforts of those fellows at Jerusalem, at Corinth, and other places, who "taught other things" than you had taught. What a lot of young converts, for whose salvation you had worked and suffered, they upset. (Young converts are such special prey, and sometimes they speak around the peacock's tail.) Their parchments bearing the significant seal of ecclesiastical authority, their high-sounding

titles and mystic phrases bedazzle the unwary young converts.

Of modern examples we could give not a few who, like their ancient predecessors, glory in sowing double-meaning ideas, and all for the purpose of getting to themselves voluntary or white-wash cost.

Alas! and they all died in the first century, but none nearer the salvation of the whole world would be. What sorrows would have been spared to the great evangelists from Paul's time to the present—Luther, Knox, Westley, and our beloved General—and how much greater the results would have been.

Freedom v. Anarchy.

There is no word more full of charm or significant meaning in the English language than the word "freedom." At what mighty cost have our forefathers preserved to us the charm of its glorious meaning. And yet, perhaps, no word has been more abused. The exclamation of the celebrated French heroine—"Oh, liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"—seems to apply equally well to the question of liberty in spiritual things. The idea many of these exploiters have of freedom finds its counterpart in the plan of Chileno anarchism. Self-government and equality is the rock-bottom principle, though they will not always admit it.

Heaven is heaven because it is a

place of perfect laws perfectly kept, and hell is a place of glorious freedom. The truest and greatest freedom is enjoyed where the best laws are in force and recognized, whether in the individual or the community. Without discipline, order and government there can be no true freedom.

Are There No Such Blessings?

What, then, are there no such blessings as "Divine goldmine" and "Divine hellfire"? By all means, yes! Have we not seen many cases of brilliant victory achieved through the sacred leading of the former, and when the consequence of taking a certain step would otherwise have been impossible to bear? Of course, we have not known of some who, after having been given up by skilled physicians, have been brought back from the confines of death's shadowland? But God does not bestow this gift upon any individual (or individuals) as an absolute right. Neither is it given as a plaything for faultfinders, or as a means of hunting for volatile freaks, nor as a hobby-horse for top-strung enthusiasts to expend their surplus and misapplied zeal upon. Much less does He give it as a mercenary factor for the convenience of necromancers and charlatans whose principal desire is to find something novel for public exhibition, and with which to play on the feelings and sentiments of too susceptible persons.

God's blessings are given to make us straight, upright, earnest men and women. Character we need, not notions;

enlightened it. Keep clear of these votaries of a religion of mystic high-sounding nothings and speculative air-bubbles. Also remember that whatever lessens our devotion and usefulness in God's service comes from the devil in some way; while that which makes you a better, happier, and more practical and useful warrior of the cross, and saviour of others, may be accepted with safety and satisfaction.



A QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Looking back over the portions of Holy Writ which have been our consideration in this column for the last quarter, we are struck with the strong similarity which the history of Israel's wandering through the wilderness bears to the frailties, faults and fortunes of the Christian world to-day. This would be strange did we not remember how little alteration Time's rolling ages have made in the fickle disposition of man, and how absolutely powerless they have been to change or affect the eternal mores and providences of the Divine will.

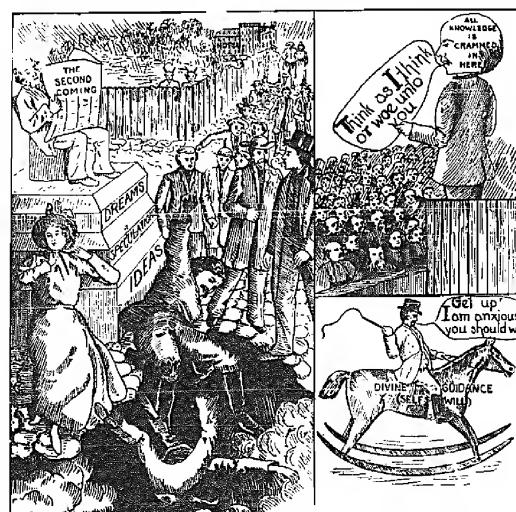
How often in their foolish mistakes and unwarranted murmurings we may see us in a mirror the image of our own! How yet more frequently in their misdeserved blessings, in the bountiful love which gave them victory when they only could have expected defeat, and forgiveness when their conduct had merited only justice, have we been reminded of the infinite mercy which has followed our steps and forgiven and blessed our ingratitude!

If the study of Israel's wandering does no more for us, it should awaken us to reverent love for God's tender and impartial faithfulness towards His children, as well as to the weight of gratitude's debt which all this mercy lays upon us.

Religion Is Not an Excuse.

A chief cause of the loss of confidence by man in the saints may be charged to the fact that they enlisted in the idea of an excursion to heaven before their eyes, only to find that they were to be used to wage a continual campaign against hell. This brings them up short, their knees knock, their songs dwindle into a whine, and not a few of them do not want to be saints any more. Much of the maddly-pamphy evangelism of the present is calculated to do little more than to start folks wrong. Heaven will reward their choice of, not their sturdy fight for, righteousness. To win them, hires a glistening array of the "get rich quick" devices, and has them steeped in hell before their eyes. The Spanish colonizers of the West Indies often cut an Indian's throat immediately after he was baptized to prevent him from apostatizing. Many modern heaven reprobates would need to imitate them to land their catch safely on the other shore. To live with Christ in God is not easy, it will take all there is in your life. To enliven intelligently is to choose Christ and His righteousness with the determination to fight all the unloved principles, powers and imiquities of this present world, that as a hero, scoured but experienced, you may present to God's highest and clearest service a sufficient offering of worth to **Ilm**, as well as to His worth to you. You enlist for war, not for a picnic, be not disengaged then if the din of conflict fills your ears. God will win, whether your flesh lives or dies. Be strong in the Lord. Fight the good fight of faith. Press the battle hard. Never say die, but know that live or die to you it is "gain!"—John G. Wolley.

It is a greater because a more difficult thing to live a poetical life than to write a good poem. The mere quick sensibility and vivid impression of the moment may produce a poet; only the careful culture of life can create character.—Blackie.



Action, service, God requires, not fairy tales.

Where it all hangs.

What is the secret, then, of enjoying the blessings God has to bestow? Live in right relationship with **Ilm**. That is the answer to the whole question. If it is not, then God is an exacting Being, Who demands, as if by caprice, to be invoked in precise terms for the blessing that He sees will be beneficial for us; and not the God the Bible declares **Ilm** to be—so tender, so infinite, so merciful, and wanting to please.

Let those who will disonor **Ilm** thus, but let every Salvationist hold on to the good, old-fashioned, Blood-and-Fire, and believe God when He says, "No good thing will He withhold from those who walk uprightly." Get men to live in right relationship with God, and to allow matters to hold their relative position, according to their importance, and you will find that in all these questions the bulldog will obey—BY CONVICTION AND REASON. THOSE who want to and desire him for help to enjoy. Don't give the small finger greater prominence than the eye, or the hand greater than the body, and then blame the Lord, and your officers, and everybody else that you have got into confusion.

Keep to the plain, broad, common sense, practical principles of the Gospel, as Jesus **Ilm**self taught and ex-

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My Heart is Cleansed.

Tune.—From every stain made clean
(B.J. 81.)

1 My heart by Thee is cleansed
From all the stain of sin,
My time, my all, to Thee is given,
Give me Thy power within,
Then swift to Thee will I fly,
My feet shall ever be,
To follow in the Calvary path
Until Thy face I see.

Thy love has won my heart,
Thy love so rich and true ;
Now help me to do my part,
And do it all for Thee,
Thy power to me is given,
To follow in the way,
And tell poor sinners Jesus lives
To help and cleanse to-day.

Thou dost accept, I know,
The service freely given,
For my body and my bone,
A precious legacy of heaven,
Then those around shall see
That Thou in me dost live ;
And, seeing this, they, too, shall say,
"My life to Christ I'll give."

— Cooper, Bedford.

Consecration.

Tune.—Stella (B.J. 25.)

2 While kneeling at Thy Mercy Seat,
Myself, O Lord, all just now I see
The cause of all my past defeat
Is want of strict sheefer !
But in Thy light my need I see,
Can all be fully met in Thee.

I want my life, O Lord, to be
A copy of Thy life Divine,
Thy holiness, Thy purity,
Thy spotlessness, O Lord, be mine :

A World-Wide Petition.

Tune.—Saints of God, lift up your voices
(B.J. 27 ; B.B. 2).

3 Jesus hear the soldiers crying,
"Lord, save the world!"
Pleading for the millions dying,
"Lord, save the world!"
In Thy Army we will stay,
Persecutions shall not drown us,
Fighting orders we'll obey—
Lord, save the world!

Then art all our foes defeated,
Lord, save the world !
We'll for victory not retreating,
Lord, save the world !
Lifting Calvary's banner high,
Every sin full strength storming,
We will conquer or we'll die—
Lord, save the world !

Thousands from their sins are turning,
Lord, save the world !
And while from earth we're going,
Lord, save the world !
With a Pentecostal flame,
Spread the soul-converting glory,
By the power of Jesus' name,
Lord, save the world !

The late Colonel Pearson.

A Fighting Song.

Tune.—We'll all shout hallelujah ! (B.J. 20.)

4 Once I was by Satan bound,
Now I have the Saviour found :
He has freed me from the yoke I had
to bear.

The Corps of St. John District.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

Major Pickering's Indian Durbar.

The Salvation Army is very much alive and kicking at the Eastern Provincial Centre. This was evidenced on Labor Day by the massive open-air meetings held in different parts of the city throughout the day. The attendance was eight times a great Indian Durbar conducted by Major Pickering. The advertising had aroused interest, and when the procession went down Yonge St., a tremendous crowd had gathered. The counter-marching and manoeuvres were most interesting, and fire-showing off with splendid effect. The Hindoo attire of the men was worn. The No. 1 barracks were packed, a great many standing throughout the entire meeting. The Indian choruses and the Major's address went down with great a relish as Ensign Graham's carefully-prepared rice and curry. One of the No. 1 Juniors, Minnie McLeaman, told Mr. Nichols and Cadet Tatton 90, Mr. Reid, also of No. 1, sold a great many. The next night "go" was given.

ST. JOHN L., under the able leadership of Ensign Graham, is making good progress. The bright days are in store. Their ordinary holiness meeting last Friday night was extra-ordinary—so good they were unable to close till near midnight. Several souls snatched.

CARLETON, under Captain Lorimer, and Lieut. Elsary, is launching out. The Chancellor and Mrs. Taylor spent last Sunday there. Open-air attendance nearly double that of any previous visit. A beautiful opportunity has Carleton, Oh, for more holy zeal, more of the violence that takes by force.

FAIRVILLE is not a large place, nor a large corps, nevertheless it is a great success. The Cadet corps is making great progress. The bright days are in store. Their ordinary holiness meeting last Friday night was extra-ordinary—so good they were unable to close till near midnight. Several souls snatched.

ST. JOHN V. is nobly fighting on. The barracks was packed at a recent united meeting, and two souls seeking salvation. Lieut. Kirk is at present leading on the forces at this corps.

HAMPTON, a restful, quiet little spot—half the village by the railway station. The other half by the river. The little village of the Army barracks half way between the two; nevertheless, the people come, and Ensign Elsary and Lieut. Lewis are seeing souls saved. Work is going on. The M.A. is a bright little meeting the

Now He is my constant Guide,
For He's ever near my side,
And I'll follow Him and in His suffering share.

Chorus.

Now I'm a soldier of the Army
Of the Yellow, Red and Blue ;
I've a mighty, mighty King,
Victory, victory, I can sing
While I'm fighting, watching, praying,

keeping true !

I'm a soldier, tried and true,
'Neath the Yellow, Red and Blue,
And I've no where to take my stand ;
I'm living in the light,
And I've never to do the right,
For I've guided by the loving Saviour's hand.

Hannah Simpson,
Blackpool Corps.

Claim Salvation.

Tunes.—From Greenland's icy mountains ;
My soul is now united
(B.J. 118.)

5 Soul, filled with condemnation,
No more in bondage will ;
Arise and claim salvation,
Oh, why for ever die ?
Eternal life—that precious,
That priceless gift of God—
For thee, on Calvary, Jesus
Has purchased with His Blood.

Come home, come home, backslider !
The Heavenly Father will
Forgive thy past of failure,
And freely love thee still,
This gracious invitation
Obed as from the Lord ;
The joys of His salvation
To thee shall he restored.

Redeeming grace is flowing,
Its sweetness all may prove ;
His mighty God is showing
To those who seek His love.

Godly, piousy soldiers there whose faith has been rewarded lately by seeing souls saved. This corps also has the honor of having the two Junior Cadets in the city. We are sending on their photos and testimonies shortly.

ST. JOHN V. has been enjoying revival breezes for some time. The corps is in splendid fighting trim, souls getting saved every week, and several Candidates for the Field. On a recent Sunday night the Major and Chancellor visited this corps and had the joy of seeing five at the Mercy Seat.

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This blessed truth we cherish,
Proclaim it far and wide ;
God wills none should perish,
But dwell with Him on high.
Sergt.-Major Gibby,
Pembroke Dock.

This Week's Solo.

THE PRODIGAL.

Tune.—That means me (B.J. 313).

6 The prodigal's returning,
Oh, hear the joyful cry,
He's coming back to Father's home,
And shall I tell you why ?
On his kiss he's tired of feeding,
His soul is sick and sore,
His Father's love he's needing,
And his home once more.

Chorus.

(Also to tune, "Home once more.")

Home once more, home once more ;
Prodigal's returning to his home once more.
He's left the land of sin
He used to travel in,
Glory, hallelujah, he is home once more !

The angels are rejoicing,
For his repentant sigh,
Have reached the heart of God above,
And echoed in the skies.
And while with tears he's praying
For forgiveness to implore,
He hears a sweet Voice saying—
"Go, and sin no more."

At his heart's door the devil
Deneforth in vain will knock,
He's lifted from the mire and clay,
His feet are on the Rock,
The Shepherd now has found him,
His wanderings are o'er,
His Father's arms are round him,
He is home once more.

R. T.

Rescue Work

After holding two meetings a week in the open air at St. John's Street for several months, the Rescue Home Officers have secured a little hall. The Chancellor conducted the opening meeting on Tuesday night, which closed with one woman at the Mercy Seat. She wept bitterly and prayed God to save her and "show her the right road to heaven." Adj. Just, and her nides, are much interested and full of hope for this work, which gives promise of proving a great blessing to this dark corner of the city.

Do You Understand

How to get a Cheap Railway Ticket to the October Meetings? X X X X X

Buy a Single Ticket and ask for a Standard Certificate. Present the Certificate with 15 cents at the office in the S.A. Temple, Toronto, and you may secure return without further ch.

Never Say Die!

BARRIE—Capt. Lewis writes a glowing report of Major Collier's visit, and how they got their H. F. target. He is full of news for the noble soldiers of Barrie Corps, and thinks they're all right. They reached the large sum of \$50.

HALIFAX—The fire is burning and souls are getting saved. Last Sunday God gave us a glorious victory, and we had the joy of seeing six knelt at the Cross for salvation and one for the blessing. Open-air largely attended. Sunday night we finished up with a hallelujah wind-up. We also made an increase in our string band in the way of a big bass viol and another guitar. Look out for our string band, with Mrs. Adj. McLean as leader.—W. M. L.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—We are still in for the victory. We have made quite a large gap in Satan's ranks. We are marching onward with our flag unfurled to the banner of the Master. Martin, from Somers camp, who with us on Saturday and Sunday's meetings, we were all glad to have him among us in—H. S. C. C.

SOCIAL FARM, Capt. Geo. Edwards held a soldiers' meeting to begin mining at Harvest Festival target of \$70. The officers and men gave \$40. Next week Adj. Myles had another soldiers' meeting in which some of the men doubled their offerings, and \$50 was the total. With some collecting around \$65 was reached by August 27th. Two souls at the Mercy Seat during August.—Chas. C. Gould.

KINMOUNT—When Lieut. Young came here he did not grumble because the floor was not carpeted, nor the chairs cushioned, but nobly went to work to clear off all his load of debt. Not only did he accomplish it, but with the help of kind and efficient help with Adj. Wiggins, Capt. O'Neill, Sgt.-Major Moore, of Lindsay, and a host of a few kind friends of Kinmount, he has succeeded in getting the barracks and quarters beautifully painted. "Honor to whom honor is due"—Mrs. Clegg.

BUTTE, Mont.—The devil is mad and we are glad. Sunday meetings are good. You should see them as they sat and listened to the powerful appeal of the Adjutant, as he spoke of Canaan and how to enter it. Barracks nearly packed in spite of heat. Mrs. Gate is again to the front from after a long journey to her eye. We are expecting an all-day meeting for our dear mother's savings, in the person of Adj. Ayres, who will be welcomed by soldiers and friends.—P. R.

NELSON, B. C.—We have had with us on Sunday, all day, Brigadier Howell and Captain Lester. The Adjutant's service was much appreciated, and the Brigadier's discourse in the evening, from "The hand-writing on the wall" was listened to with profound silence. On many occasions I have had the pleasure of listening to Brigadier Howell's discourses and exhortations, but never have I heard him handle a subject in a more masterly manner than on this occasion. Toward the close of the meeting and at the request of the Brigadier, five hundred desired to be saved by rinsing their hands.—A. H.

DOVERCOURT—The battle is still raging. Some who had retreated are being restored. And the old weapons

have been re-sharpened and brought to the front. One week Sunday night one buckshot returned. Every comrade returned to the service. Saturday, Sept. 3rd, good day all day. Hallelujah, meeting one for the blessing. 3 p.m. in the park, good turnout of soldiers. Good interest. At night another buckshot came out.—Lieut. Poole.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Staff-Capt. Galt favoured us with her presence on Friday, 25th, and despite a bad throat, she gave us a beautiful talk on holiness, and what God wants and wants to do for all self-surrendered, sincere seekers. She illustrated it freely from her life's experience—personal and field. At the finish one comrade sought the blessing of a clean heart. Sgt.-Major Galt was staying for a few days with her brother, Mrs. Galt, bacteriologist of this city. Our Specials out here in the "Far West" are few and far between, but none will be more welcomed by Rossland people and soldiers than Staff-Capt. Galt.—White Healer.

GRAND MARAN—We are glad to report to the dear old War Cry again that we are drinking from the well that never runs dry. We had good meetings all day Sunday. Although we have not seen any results yet, we are believing. We are having real good collections. The best collections on Sunday we have had for some time. War Crys and Young Soldiers all sold this week.—Arthur Armstrong.

WINNIPEG—We had the pleasure of Major McMillan, Adjutant, and Adj. Myles attending the soldiers' meeting last Tuesday. Mrs. McMillan and Adjutant gave us quite a lecture on uniform, and then Mrs. Jewer, in her charming manner, sang a solo. Major gave us a straight talk on the 32nd chapter of Chronicles. The Spirit of God was with us, and at the close almost everyone stood up and promised to do more for God. God is blessing us and our souls are being won for God. H. F. is bounding, but more about that later.—P. J. Pliny.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Still the war goes on. Last week the junior workers



MAJOR McMILLAN,
Our North-West Leader.

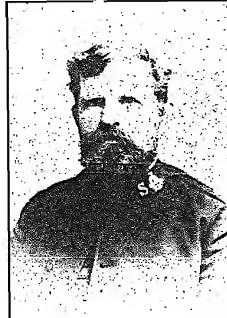
course, our friends, out of curiosity, joined the crowd. At the barracks a large crowd had gathered to hear the Major, and to give him a hearty welcome to Barre. The Major, in his address, said he was glad to be here, and that since God had saved his soul, he still had the burning desire to preach the word of God. The knee-drill all enjoyed with profit. Major, with all his going and brother's keeping. At the holiness meeting the Major spoke from II Samuel xxiv, the result of David's sin. A large crowd was at the afternoon meeting, which started off with that grand victorious old song, "The day of victory's coming." This was a real fire-and-brimstone meeting. At the night meeting the hall was filled, and the Major took his text from Genesis iv. 3. As the Major spoke the holiness meeting was adjourned to the hours of grace—shiners, and God's Spirit was felt. In the prayer meeting we had a desperate fight and there was a number present who felt they ought to get saved. The Major's visit has been a great blessing to us, and we hope in the near future he will come again and bring along Mrs. Hargrave—Zacchaeus.

ST. JOHN, I. L.—Still climbing the hill. The blessed Master has given us the Holy Ghost power, and we have fished out of the sea of sin and iniquity 14 precious souls. Thank God for even. We are being opposed by the Devil in many different ways. He makes no effort this week to bring our Captain to the police office to try to make him answer to a false charge in which it was claimed we were disturbing the neighbors in the vicinity of the barracks. The only disturbance we can trace out is that we are capturing so many of Satan's soldiers and starting the people thinking of their soul's salvation that he is becoming annoyed. We are holding a meeting together and win the town for God. Sunday night's meeting was a grand one. We had two of our superior officers with us—the Major and Staff Captain—and by their instrumental and love, we all have been made fat in our souls. Our Captain gave the junior soldiers an outing in the country, which pleased the little ones greatly.—Cor. W. Marshall.

LETHBRIDGE—A grand treat awaited one people at the opening night of our Harvest Festival. The platform was filled with wheat and oats. The platform was fully laden with the best the world could produce. Our people here are only too willing to蔓

swear the call of our officers, as they did remarkably well in giving financially, also with articles, which were offered for sale by auction by the Captain. We were enabled to raise our target of \$50, and a little more to it. Hallelujah! The "Harvest Home Auction Sale," and the ice cream social brought large crowds to the meetings, but the effect continued to increase on the march, when the comrades came out as harvesters, with fruits and vegetables, etc. The officers, too, were very appropriately attired and added considerably to the march. While the officers were out collecting grain, etc., for decorations, God's Spirit revealed itself in a wonderful way, when the rancher whom they called upon fell on his knees and asked God to give him a knowledge of his sins and a desire to amend, resulting in one of God's chosen people. This week we were favored with a visit from Bro. A. Miller, from Prince Albert, also Sister Mrs. Smith, of Montreal, who has come here to join her husband in the Christian way.—Wm. Farrow, Reg. Cor.

BARRIE, Vt.—"What's all the to-do with the Army tonight?" Just see the crowd! "Oh, there's Major Haregrave, the P. O., from Montreal, here, and, of



BRIGADIER HOWELL,
Our Western Chief.

missed the boat. Two in the Fountaine, Brigadier is getting a good hand to find his way around St. Catharines at 3:30 a.m. 2:30 p.m. away we go with the banner and song. Meeting in the park very interesting. Standard gave some very interesting advice to the young people who stood around the camp. Marched back to the barracks at night 34 strong. One dear sister, tired of her wanderings, fell at the Mercy Seat. Monday, quite a number came to view the barracks. Treas. Warren had the decoration in hand, and he did it up to perfection. Can I describe it? No, I could not do it justice, but it was the best that St. Kitts ever saw. Sale at night closed the meetings. The things went good. You can reckon how they went when we realized \$46, between the Soldiers and Juniors, of produce and fancy work. Seniors went \$2145 over target; Juniors \$8 over their target, making a grand total of \$10645. This is the best St. Kitts has ever done. St. Catharines does not believe in sitting in back seats when there are better ones in the front.—J. B. Bend, P. R. M.

TWILLINGATE, Nfld.—Hallelujah! We are still proving that God can give victory. Sunday was a blessed day, but the night meeting was the crowning time, when the soldiers joined us to the Mercy Seat and sought salvation also on Wednesday night, and once on Thursday night, making six for the week. Glory to God for His saving power.—Ensign Cooper.

CLARK'S HARBOUR, N. S.—God is blessing and helping us here. Just had a visit from the G. B. M. Agent, Ensign Andrews. The funeral service was beautiful! "Life of Mrs. Booth" enjoyed by all. Capt. Jones has just farewelled and gone to the Garrison, the first officer from here. What will be the next to follow? The call is loud and long. Soldiers, obey.—F. J. C. G. O.

RAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—Bless God, victory is ours. Battle cry. In summer and winter, in sunshine and rain our Saviour never changes. We are proving it. Since taking charge 27 souls have come to the Pountain. Sunday night God was with us, and seven entered the Cross, including two children. Before this reaches the press we shall be in the midst of H. F. Truth and hard work will get there.—E. Bruce and W. Readler.

ST. JOHNS, I. L., Nfld.—Wonderful weekend! Big meetings, big collections, big crowds, big devil, and a big God to judge and defeat him. Seven souls saved. Hallelujah!—Dowell.

YARMOUTH—Thursday evening four comrades were enrolled as soldiers. After a few months' fighting in Yarmouth, Capt. Piercy has farewelled, while Ensign and Mrs. Parsons follow him. Saturday night had a good crowd for the welcome meeting.—A. E. H.



Adj. and Mrs. Miller, and Joy, their Daughter



BRIGADIER SHARP,
Our Newfoundland Governor.

Two Memorable Nights in the Philippines.

By MAJOR MILSAPS.

A Night in Blockhouse No. 2.

A veritable city of the dead is the large tract of land comprised in the three cemeteries known collectively as La Loma. Here are numerous tombs and graves, above and below ground, covering 1,000 or more acres.

A short distance from this great graveyard, on the crest of a hill, stands Blockhouse No. 2—a stone structure erected by the Spaniards. The varying fortunes of war threw this blockhouse into the possession of first the Spaniard and then another of the combatants—Spaniard, Filipino, and American. The latter forced the insurgents from Manila and took 1,600 yards from this fort. The blockhouse was on the American firing line. The natives occupied Caloocan, and the forest to the north and east, with a large open space between. A forest also to the left of Caloocan to Manila skirted the bay.

The afternoon of February 9th was given by the Salvation Army to visitation of the blockhouse in the hands of the insurgents. The men were at first awaiting orders. This gave an opportunity to push the claims of Christ and His salvation on the attention of the soldiers as the Lord gave opportunity.

Company E, First Montana Volunteer Infantry, occupied the blockhouse. Three Salvationists are members of this Company—Brothers D. C. Hines, Albert Lloyd and Dave Freeman. The last named was converted one of our meetings held in the regimental meeting tent just before the outbreak of the war.

Night closed in. The Salvation Army civilians concluded to remain on the battlefield. A soldier's kit enabled him to sit down on the grass outside the blockhouse and strengthen the physical man with canned salmon, coffee and hard tack. Darkness comes very quickly after the sun goes down in the tropics.

Squads of soldiers were detailed to various duties—some as pickets, others to occupy the trench outside the walls of the blockhouse, and the remainder inside to defend the latter in case an attempt should be made.

A thickly wooded creek wandering in its tortuous course inside the Aue line lines from the forest east of La Loma, made an attack under cover from that direction quite feasible.

Spreading his single blanket on the ground beneath the high corrugated roof of the blockhouse, the writer laid himself down to sleep among the soldiers. He tried heroically to fall asleep, but Capt. Jensen was determined no man should sleep that night if he could prevent it. Despite his efforts, he did not sleep that night, but succeeded admirably. Nobody slept that night unless he stole a wisp of sleep clandestinely, and then it was too brief to count.

Sergeants made frequent rounds to give heavy cyclones a new appointment of work. At a late hour the Captain himself appeared. Catching a view of the writer stretched out on the ground, he ordered the same from under the roof in one corner of the enclosure.

No lights were allowed, not even the striking of a match. Soldiers spoke in whispers as they sat with their backs against the wall or stood on a raised platform looking through the loopholes. The place was oppressively silent. No one would imagine that the trench surrounding the structure and the enclosure was full of armed men ready for instant action; but it was so.

Ten o'clock. Tock, tock, tock, tock! In rapid succession queer sounds like the bursting of a bomb with a club broke the stillness over in the bamboo forest towards Caloocan. We knew the meaning of that noise. The insurgents were attacking our left wing, a moment's notice. Again those sounds. Out of the darkness followed a confused roar, caused by the firing of Springfield rifles at will. A pause on the American side was broken by the crash of volleys. Silence ensued, save now and then a stray shot from a sharpshooter.

Hark! What's that? Ruptile firing on the right, and close by, too!

A shot. "Pennsylvania outpost" shouted a voice. Another report. "Pennsylvania outpost!" The firing increased, and with each report came the cry, "Pennsylvania outpost!"

We could see nothing, but guessed that

the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment was sustaining an attack and their outposts were falling back to their support. To prevent their comrades from firing at them they revealed their identity in that way.

A volley crashed suddenly into the Montana men in the trench just under the walls of our own blockhouse.

"What is the trouble?"

"Don't know!" Silence again. Not a sound above a whisper. Brother Hines was detailed with one or two others to keep in the lower facing the north-east. All night long figures could be traced against the sky line, but silence reigned amongst the watchmen.

Desultory firing in the vicinity of Caloocan continued until morning. Pring! A bullet struck our iron roof. The force of the impact produced a high velocity which did not strike anybody.

A grey streak appeared in the east heralding the approaching dawn. The light grew stronger, and at last with the light of another day flooding the battlefield, the night in Blockhouse No. 2 became a memory of the past.

"Watchman, what of the night? The morning cometh." Isaiah xxi. 11, 12.

Army quarters, and the house looks like it did the memorable 4th of February. Our lamps are turned down low, and we keep away from the doors and windows, because there is so much shooting going on that no one knows from what direction a bullet may come and whether a friend or a foe directs it on our mission.

Excitement? Yes, indeed! but the citizens know better than to venture out unless the roof is burning above their heads. In that case stern necessity compels them to make the best of a desperate predicament.

Look! There is a sea of fire on the north. The towers of Tondo Church stand out against the molten sky like giant sentinels. Flames and dense banks of smoke completely surround the lofty landmarks, sometimes hiding them from view, then clearing away. We see the walls of our buildings up against the chimneys of houses filled with American soldiers, who are shooting from their perch down in the insurgenit houses. The heat is so great and smoke stifling that they cover their faces with wet cloths.

The fire is now travelling in our direction, crossing from street to street. Will it reach our quarters? Shall our salvation next go up in smoke? Will we not God favor? His own? Surely He will. The Lord's special provision is over His people. The flames burn on at the Paseo Arezurra, but the conflagration is not stayed. The Doctoren Market is afire, and the adjoining buildings. Incendies are busy starting new fires. The flames are now rising and rousing in our impudent vicinity, but are moving away towards Binondo. The

watchmen are now on the alert, ready to repel the intruder.

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As I See Things.

By J. T. T.

Sinful pleasures, like pepper, burn after taking.

I notice that many people, who claim that they don't believe in God, are very anxious to use the name of God to make other people believe that what they say is true.

If you swear, and do not believe, you must either be a fool or be trying to deceive.

The very fact of your existence compels you to stand out for good or evil; there may be room for indifference between the two, but indifference can only tend to discourage, degrade and lower.

The advocates of so-called necessary evils, have got much to do to remedy, when they meet the unnecessary results.

While Infidels rob against, and even murder, reason, and make men do things against their better judgment, it does not seem unreasonable to believe in the fall of man.

I have met with a lot of objections to me being a Salvationist, but nearly all of them have been soaked in alcohol, and pernicious with nicotine.

Perhaps they don't pull men into saloons, but I have seen them use force to get them out.

Alcohol has made many a man who was too proud to pray go through the same performance, down on both knees, in the mind; the difference lay in the words uttered—they were curses instead of praises.

A Saint of Over 100 Years.

God is blessing our visits to the sick in a very marked manner (writes an American officer). Some weeks ago I was sent for to visit a woman who was sick, and found her unconverted and very unhappy. Many visits were subsequently paid her, sometimes with Ensign Miller and Sister Harvey, and we had the joy of seeing her pass from death into life, and go for ever to be with the Lord. Last Sunday morning we had an open-air meeting just outside the home of two of the Lord's afflicted ones. Neither mother nor daughter can stand. Both are in wheelchairs. Our meeting was greatly appreciated by them. Captain Goodwin and I paid a delightful visit to a dear old friend who is nearly 102 years of age. His countenance is agreeable, and his hands, though tremulous, make him look quite patriarchal. We sang and prayed with him. He was very much pleased, and spoke many encouraging words to us. Just after we left his room I heard him, as I thought, asking a question, and, on going back to see, he said, "I am speaking to my Heavenly Father."

They Didn't Want Their Money Back

At an open-air meeting held in Minneapolis, U. S. A., a generous collection was given, and while this was being counted a man stepped into the ring and launched out into a tirade against the Salvation Army, calling it a "money corporation," and warning the people in general to look out and not be taken in. When he had exhausted himself and tired the crowd, Ensign Miller politely offered to return the money which had been given. In answer, when left the same towards the Army, he said, "I don't know who has just been speaking. But instead of the people coming forward to claim their own, the Ensign was greeted with cries of "No, no," and a shower of Nickels and quarters, which actually made the enemy of "money corporations" turn pale.

The Minneapolis and St. Paul people understand and appreciate the Army and its work.



E.C.C.

By E.

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The first thing we want in order to live a strong, healthy life is knowledge of our own words—self-knowledge—to know what we were intended to be.

THE WAR CRY.

15

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|-----------------------------------|----|--|----|----------------------------------|
| Capt. Perry, North Sydney | 50 | Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg | 37 | NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE. |
| Capt. Tilley, Amherst | 50 | Capt. Clarke, Virden (av. 2 wks) | 37 | 16 Hustlers. |
| Capt. Mrs. Mathewson, New Glasgow | 50 | P. S. Mc Gillivray, Portage la Prairie | 35 | Sergt. Clark, St. John's 1. |
| Sergt. Mrs. Mathewson, Gaget Bay | 50 | Mrs. G. C. Wilkins, Portage la Prairie | 35 | Sergt. March, St. John's 1. |
| Adjt. McNamee, Charlottetown | 47 | Ermine | 34 | Sergt. Mercer, Lethbridge |
| Lieut. Gray, Springfield | 45 | Capt. Mercer, Lethbridge | 32 | 16 Hustlers. |
| Sister Stacey, North Sydney | 45 | Capt. McKee, Jamestown | 32 | Sergt. Major Newman, Twillingate |
| Capt. Parsons, Parrsboro | 45 | Ensign Dean, Granton | 32 | Cadet Simmons, St. John's 1. |
| Lieut. McLeod, Westville | 42 | Lieut. Hansen, Moosemin | 31 | Cadet Wiseman, St. John's 1. |
| Bessie Rogers, Halifax 1 | 42 | Lieut. Draper, Larimore | 31 | Cadet Hill, St. John's 1. |
| Cadet Tatton, St. John V. | 41 | Lieut. Potter, Edmonton | 30 | Cadet Read, Bay Roberts |
| Lieut. Laws, Hampton | 40 | Lieut. Hammond, Larimore | 30 | Capt. Ashford, Twillingate |
| Sergt. S. Holden, Charlottetown | 40 | Capt. Myers, Edmonton | 28 | Sister Willard, Twillingate |
| Capt. Kitchener, Woodstock | 40 | Capt. Nutall, Portage la Prairie | 28 | Sister Shewell, Twillingate |
| Lizzie Jones, St. John III. | 40 | Sergt. C. Chapman, Winnipeg | 27 | Cadet Dugay, St. John's 1. |
| Mrs. Eugenia Fraser, Moncton | 40 | Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg | 27 | Cadet E. Bailey, St. John's 1. |
| Gladys Blanckley, Springfield | 39 | D. Rees, Newquay | 27 | Cadet M. Reid, St. John's 1. |
| Capt. Horwood, Truro | 37 | Ensign Dean, Grand Forks | 25 | Cadet Knight, St. John's 1. |
| Cadet Tatton, St. John V. | 37 | Bro. Harvey, Valley City | 24 | Cadet Duley, St. John's 1. |
| Sergt. Jessie Irons, Windsor | 36 | S. M. Walks, Valley City | 24 | Lieut. Reader, Bay Roberts |
| Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown | 35 | Mrs. Johnson, Bismarck | 24 | Capt. Ashford, Twillingate |
| Bra. Bobbie Cloud, Windsor | 34 | Cadet Gamble, Rat Portage | 23 | Sister Willard, Twillingate |
| Lieut. Ebsay, Carleton | 34 | Capt. Askin, Grafton | 23 | Cadet Dugay, St. John's 1. |
| Sister Mrs. Pettis, New Glasgow | 34 | Capt. Pieres, Moosemin | 20 | Lieut. Aiken, Dawson City |
| Sister Mrs. North Sydney | 34 | Lieut. Lewis, Virden | 20 | Ensign Bissell, Skagway |
| Capt. Miller, Sackville | 30 | Sister A. Heath, Winnipeg | 20 | Adjt. McGill, Skagway |
| Lieut. True, Sackville | 30 | | | |
| Sister Latkay, Halifax 1 | 29 | | | |
| P. S. M. Day, Gaget Bay | 27 | | | |
| Mother Englund, Chatham | 27 | | | |
| Mrs. Squires, Springfield | 26 | | | |
| P. S. M. Kent, Bear River | 25 | | | |
| Sergt. McNelly, Halifax 1 | 26 | | | |
| Sister Harriet, Stellarton | 26 | | | |
| Miss Wilson, Halifax 1 | 25 | | | |
| Ensign Elsworth, Halifax 1 | 25 | | | |
| Capt. Moore, Bridgewater | 25 | | | |
| Lieut. Haworth, Bridgewater | 25 | | | |
| Cadet Urquhart, St. John V. | 25 | | | |
| Sister Adams, St. John V. | 25 | | | |
| Capt. Finney, Hillsboro | 25 | | | |
| Lieut. Brown, Hillsboro | 25 | | | |
| Mrs. Eugenia Lander, Gaget Bay | 23 | | | |
| Sister Mosher, Carleton | 22 | | | |
| Sister Gills, Carleton | 22 | | | |
| Lieut. Leadley, Stellarton | 21 | | | |
| Sister Albrich, New Glasgow | 20 | | | |

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

48 Hustlers.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|--|--|
| Sister Smith, Rosedale | 225 | | |
| Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Butte | 110 | | |
| Capt. Walgett, Billings | 112 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Brown, Lewiston | 105 | | |
| Sister M. Lewis, Victoria | 100 | | |
| Cadet Johnson, Spokane | 98 | | |
| Lieut. Tracey, Anchorage | 99 | | |
| Lieut. Betts, Westminster | 99 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Hooker, Trail | 75 | | |
| Ensign Ziebarth, Great Falls | 69 | | |
| Adjt. Stevens, Spokane | 66 | | |
| Ensign Morris, Great Falls | 66 | | |
| Capt. Glenn, Holbrook | 62 | | |
| Sister Mrs. Brown, New Westminster | 57 | | |
| Capt. Dunthie, Victoria | 57 | | |
| Capt. Meredith, Bremerton | 55 | | |
| Capt. Krell, Revelstoke | 54 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Brown, Kalispell | 51 | | |
| Capt. Kell, Revelstoke | 51 | | |
| Capt. Ober, Rossland | 50 | | |
| Lieut. N. S. Kast, Kaslo | 50 | | |
| Sister Mrs. Kast, Kaslo | 47 | | |
| Adjt. Woods, Nelson | 45 | | |
| Capt. Bailey, Missoula | 41 | | |
| Lieut. Lloyd, Missoula | 40 | | |
| Sister N. Feste, Victoria | 39 | | |
| Mrs. Adjt. Gale, Anchorage | 39 | | |
| Capt. Bonnetto, V. C. S. | 38 | | |
| Sister Mortimer, Victoria | 38 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Lacey, V. C. S. | 36 | | |
| Capt. Perreverend, V. C. S. | 36 | | |
| Lieut. Langill, V. C. S. | 30 | | |
| Cadet Urquhart, New Westminster | 28 | | |
| Lieut. Laughlin, Nanaimo | 28 | | |
| Sister Boner, Butte | 25 | | |
| Cadet Carsens, Butte | 24 | | |
| Bro. Whittington, Helena | 24 | | |
| Sister N. Little, Victoria | 22 | | |
| Capt. Scott, Spokane | 22 | | |
| Sister Carter, Spokane | 22 | | |
| Capt. Larry, Nanaimo | 21 | | |
| Capt. Mrs. A. M. Munson | 20 | | |
| Mrs. Adjt. D. D. Holmes | 20 | | |
| Capt. Miller, Sheridan | 20 | | |
| Lieut. Grenett, Sheridan | 20 | | |
| Lieut. Langster, Great Falls | 20 | | |

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Hustlers.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|--|--|
| Cadet E. Cusitor, Winnipeg | 112 | | |
| Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William | 100 | | |
| Lieut. Russell, Moose Jaw (av. 2 wks) | 100 | | |
| Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge | 65 | | |
| Capt. Lovell, Devil's Lake | 65 | | |
| Cadet McLeod, Prince Albert | 65 | | |
| Lieut. N. Anderson, Grand Forks | 55 | | |
| Lieut. E. Anderson, Jamestown | 55 | | |
| Lieut. D. Anderson, Valley City | 55 | | |
| Cadet D. Castor, Winkler | 50 | | |
| Mrs. Ensign Hinckley, Fort Portage | 50 | | |
| Ensign Taylor, Redvers | 46 | | |
| Sister Gamble, Fort Portage | 46 | | |
| Mrs. Capt. Westacott, Selkirk | 43 | | |
| Cadet McMurp, Winnipeg | 40 | | |
| Lieut. Woodworth, Carberry | 40 | | |
| Capt. Bladgett, Grand Forks | 40 | | |

LOOK!!!

JUST OPENED A NEW STOCK OF
BONNET RIBBON

At 50 Cents per yd.

Besides this we have the usual 35c. line, and the Silk Trimming
at 85c. and \$1.00 per yard.

Send to your Provincial Officer for Samples of our

NEW LINE OF DRESS GOODS AT 75 CENTS.

It is a lovely Henrietta and we heartily recommend it.

Faithfully yours,

TRADE SECRETARY.

Our Field Officers.

HOW I CAME INTO THE GARRISON.

and commenced going to the Salvation Army. I finally landed in Rat Portage one Sunday night about 7 o'clock, and going to my room almost immediately I heard the Army drum. Tired as I was I never slept the two nights previous (having spent with my boon companions in the town I left) I felt I should like to go to the meeting. However, I had not the courage to go. I had no money, no food, and having secured a situation in a liquor store, had lots of friends. I kept going down till I would spend almost whole nights in 'em and then I would hardly be able to look people straight in the eyes. I would broach myself to say.

Finally the climax came. One Saturday I received a letter from home stating my eldest brother was seriously ill. He had been converted in an A. S. nucleus in Ontario, and through home influence trying to persuade him to join the church. I told him and God showed me then that day that should he go to the Army I was the one responsible for his condition spiritually. I dared not go to bed that night until I had spoken to a Salvation Army鼓手 at the place where I was. Praise God, with the help I received from this comrade, I took up the cross the following Friday. I had to give up my situation, but God did not forsake me. One night, after having had a terrible dream, I told him my circumstances. I rose from my knees, went down stairs, and my boarding-house keeper said if I would go with him he would get me a job. My heart went out in gratitude to God for an instantaneous answer to prayer, showing to me that God does look after those who put their trust in Him, and in a way we least expect. I did not expect an immediate answer, for it was in the depth of winter, and owing to the boom. Rat Portage was full of men looking for work.

I got along for some few months hopefully. Though I was seeking for what I had in mind, I was not able to find a place of employment. I had never heard anything of a comrade, God revealed His will concerning me. I saw plainly that if I would enter Canada I must pay the price. I hesitated, not because of my love to God, but what I considered was

my ability, seeing there were many more fit for the work God called me to do. Then that war began, as Paul explained in his epistles, which would do good, evil was present. I could not be influenced by hatred and sin of a carnal mind. I was looking, alas, at my health, feeling I would not be able to stand the test. I kept bemoaning back for about three months, till things were getting desperate. I decided to go after consulting some first-class medical doctor in Winnipeg; after two weeks' treatment I came away worse than when I went. I was then sent to the hospital, went out to claim the blessing. I cross-questioned my pastor, but knew I had not met God's demands. Everything got dark again, till I said it was no use. I must do it or lose my peace with God. Praise God, when I wrote a line to the Training Officer in Toronto, telling of God's call, and when it was mailed I could say with truth of old, "Here I am, Lord, send me." Those saved by faith to take God as our Saviour. Specially devils could not have converted me otherwise. Praise Him! For over two weeks I have been enabled to go forward taking Him for my Physician, as well as my Sanctifier. It has not cost me anything for medical attendance since, though my faith is often tried.

Dear reader, are you obedient? I would say, Pay the price. God will reward.—Lieut. Fred Bland.

MISSING

(First insertion.)

FORREST, GAVAN. Wanted to know the address of the lady who corresponded with the Vicar of Busselton, West Australia, regarding Gavan Forrest. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MATHER, or WILSON, WILLIAM. Age 36, height 5 ft. 8 in., blue eyes, blue hair, rather stout. Last known address, in March, 1887, at Thornburn House, Silverton, B. C. He is a joiner and builder by trade. Wife in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

EDWARD, LUMLEY. Age 40 years, fair complexion. Last heard of in 1888. Was then keeping a restaurant in Boston, U. S. A. His aunt, Mrs. Jenkins, of Portage la Prairie, Man., is anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WHITE, GEORGE. Is a gardener. Left Cumberland, England, for America in 1874, and is supposed to have gone to Detroit. Was then keeping a restaurant in Boston, U. S. A. His aunt, Mrs. Jenkins, of Portage la Prairie, Man., is anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HORNEMAN, JOHN, II. Dark hair, blue eyes, age 34 years. Born near Buxton, Cooper Co. Partly raised by William H. Flidell. Last heard from in Bates Co., Missouri, about 16 years ago. His brother, James B. Horneman, of Batesville, Missouri, anxiously enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WARD, HENRY. English, height about 5 ft. 8 in., dark complexion, left foot turns outward when walking, brown hair, grey eyes, age about 50 years. Has not been heard of for twenty years. In 1879 or 1880 he was at Illawarra, Illawarra Shipyards, New South Wales, Australia, working for a man's hat and was well-known for a doctor close by. News of interest awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LILKINS, FRANCIS JOHN. Dark hair, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 8 in., right arm lame from birth, age 50 years. Last seen by wife at Waterford, Ont., 20 years ago. Last heard of 8 years ago at Detroit, Mich. Saddler by trade. Sometimes travelling for Wholesale Harness Companies. Wife anxiously enquires. Answer immediately. Mrs. W. S. Lilkins, 631 King St., London, Ont.

MCLEAN, DONALD NEIL. Known as Dan, 20 years of age, tall, blue eyes, dark hair. Last heard of two years ago at Edina, Minnesota. Mother in Nova Scotia anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THE 17th ANNIVERSARY

Of the Salvation Army in this Territory will be Celebrated
by a Series of

Great Public Gatherings and Officers' Councils

COMMENCING

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th,

AND ENDING ON

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER **MISS BOOTH**

Will be in Command, and will Conduct the following Public Services:

Two Mass Meetings on Sunday,

October 8th, at 3 and 7.30 p.m.

A Huge and Unique Demonstration

On Thursday, October 12th.

300 OFFICERS WILL BE PRESENT.

For Full Particulars see Local Papers and Bill, also Next Week's Announcement in the War Cry.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends who wish to attend these Gatherings can avail themselves of the Special Railway Arrangements. Buy a Single Ticket, and ask for a Standard Certificate, which you present at the General Secretary's Office, S. A. Temple, to be Stamped, and which, with a payment of 15 cents, will secure you a Return Ticket.

Officers should at once communicate with Brigadier Gaskin about a Billet.